

# When I Stood Up for My Classmate!

Based on a story set in the 1940s

Based on a story sent by

**Anil Ekbote**

Script: R. Nalini

Illustrator: Durgesh Velhal

Colourist: Umesh Sarode

"NEW SCHOOL, NEW CLASSROOM. I SPOTTED AN EMPTY SEAT AND WENT THERE BUT..."

YOU CAN'T SIT HERE!  
THIS IS ROHAN'S  
SEAT!

OH!

NEW  
BOY?



"THE MOMENT I SAT DOWN..."

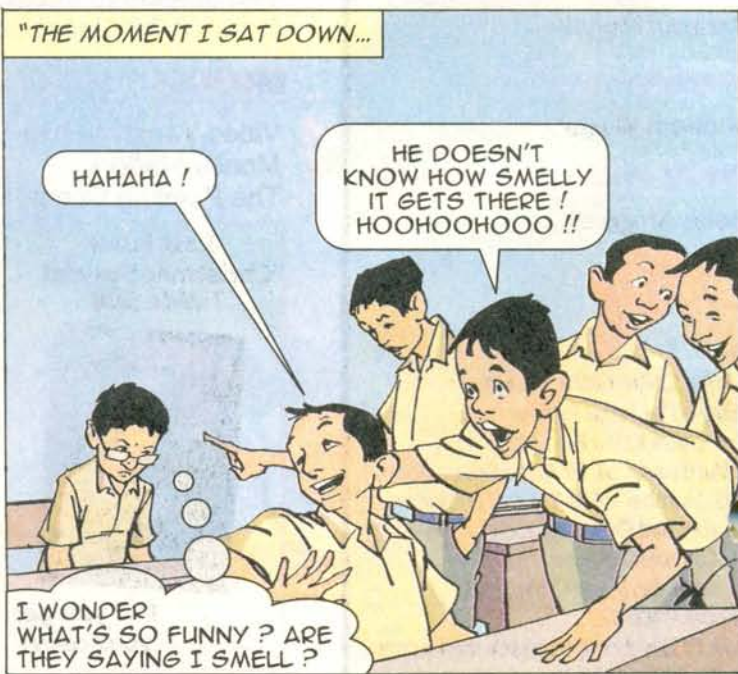
YES,  
TODAY'S  
MY FIRST  
DAY. ANY  
PLACE I  
CAN SIT?

LAST BENCH!

HAHAHA!

HE DOESN'T  
KNOW HOW SMELLY  
IT GETS THERE!  
HOOOOOHOOO !!

I WONDER  
WHAT'S SO FUNNY? ARE  
THEY SAYING I SMELL?





"SOON, A BOY CAME IN AND SAT DOWN TIMIDLY BESIDE ME. I IMMEDIATELY SENSED THAT THE CLASS WAS HOSTILE TO HIM. BUT I THOUGHT I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF..."



"BUT BEFORE HE COULD FINISH..."



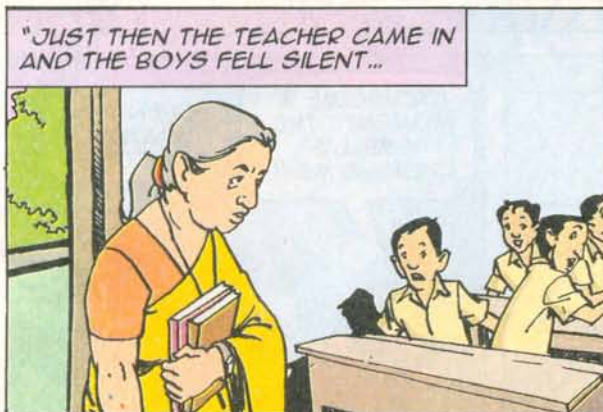
"I COULDN'T SMELL A THING ! I WONDERED WHY THEY WERE ASSOCIATING MY BENCHMATE WITH SMELL..."



"...BUT BEFORE I COULD ASK..."







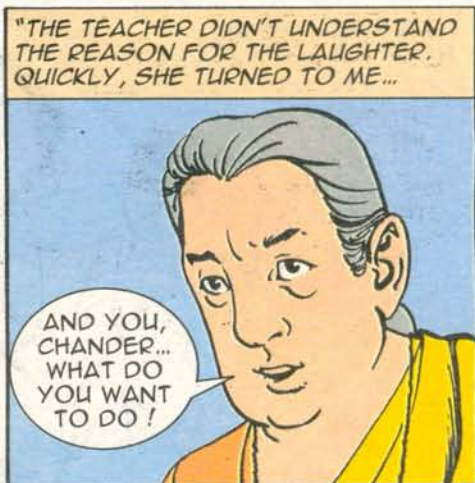
"A WEEK PASSED. I BEGAN TO ADJUST TO MY NEW SCHOOL. THEN ONE DAY..."



"ONE BY ONE THE BOYS STOOD UP AND ANNOUNCED THEIR AMBITIONS..."













AND WHEN HE RETIRES IN A FEW MORE YEARS, HE WILL LOSE THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GIVEN TO HIM. THE FAMILY WILL BE HOMELESS UNLESS... UNLESS ONE OF HIS SONS TAKES OVER THE JOB.

AND HE'S THE ELDEST SON. NOW DO YOU SEE WHY HE WANTS TO BECOME A GARBAGE COLLECTOR? IS IT A WRONG DECISION? SHOULD WE LAUGH AT HIM?!

NO. NO ONE SHOULD LAUGH. HE'S BEING SELFLESS AND COURAGEOUS!

I'M SORRY FOR REMAINING SILENT ALL THIS TIME, BUDDY! NO MORE! FROM NOW, I'M ON YOUR SIDE! YOU HAVE MY RESPECT!!!

MINE TOO!

YOU'RE NOT ALONE ANY MORE, SON! WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU!

"MOVED BY ALL THAT THEY HAD HEARD AND WITNESSED THE WHOLE CLASS STARTED CHEERING..."

"AND AFTERWARDS..."

WE'RE SORRY FOR TREATING YOU SO BADLY, PAL! WE'LL NEVER MAKE FUN OF YOU AGAIN!

THANKS, CHANDER!

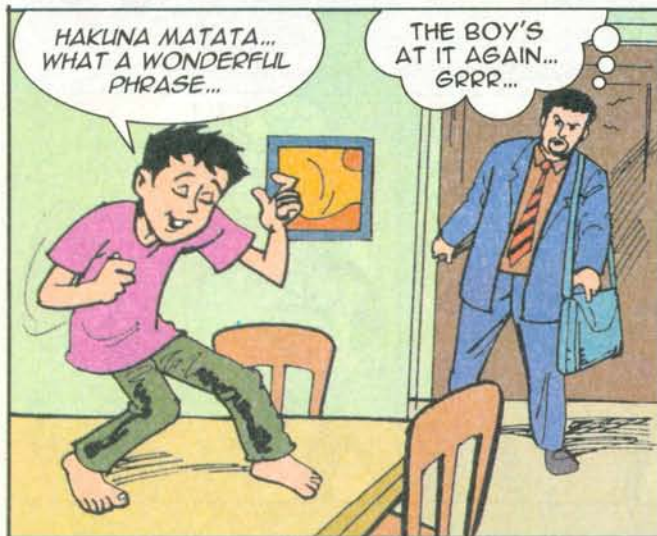
FOR WHAT? WE'RE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE?

"AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW MY NEIGHBOUR SMILE!"

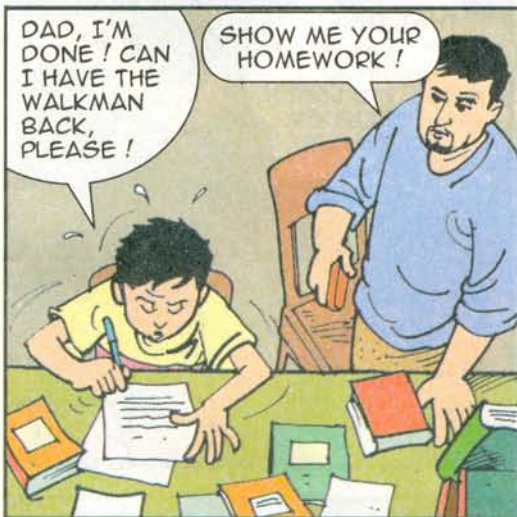


# A LESSON IN MUSIC

Writer: R. Nalini  
Illustrator and Colourist:  
Arijit Dutta Chowdhury









NO AMOUNT OF BEGGING AND PLEADING  
COULD CHANGE HIS DAD'S DECISION...



I'VE NO CHOICE BUT  
TO COMPLY... HE'LL  
NEVER LET ME SING  
AGAIN!

...AND NOTHING MADE SWARIT HAPPY ANY MORE!



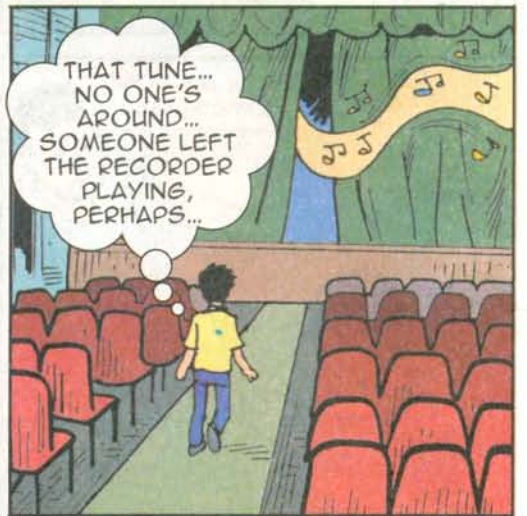
SWARIT,  
LET'S PLAY  
CRICKET -  
IT'S A FREE  
PERIOD!

UMM... NO...  
I DON'T  
FEEL LIKE...

ONE DAY -



THAT TUNE...  
I KNOW IT...  
YES, I KNOW  
THAT SONG!



THAT TUNE...  
NO ONE'S  
AROUND...  
SOMEONE LEFT  
THE RECORDER  
PLAYING,  
PERHAPS...



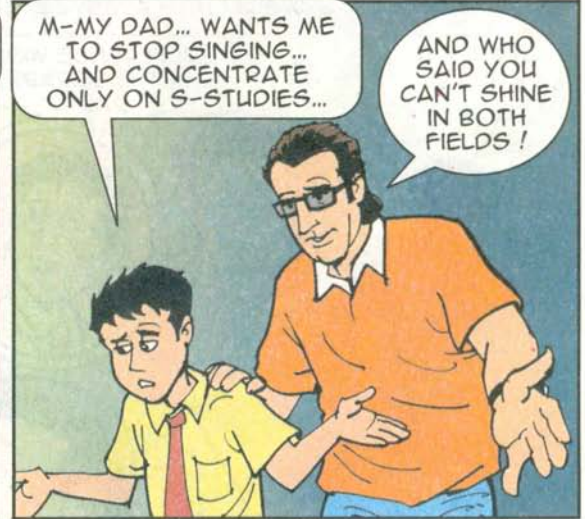
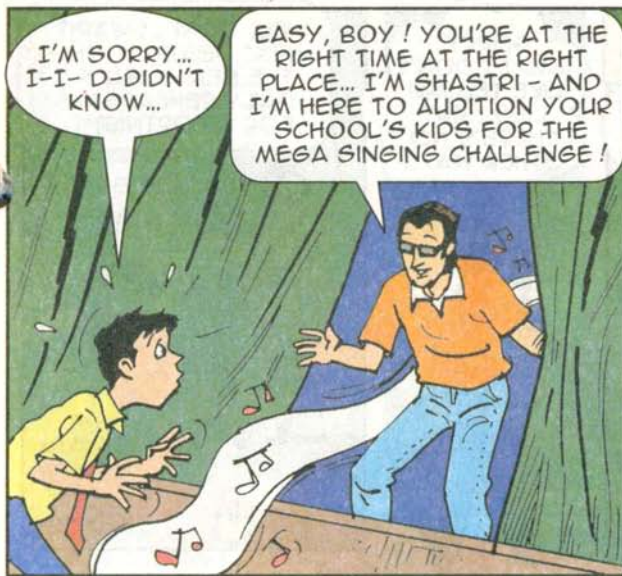
... ARABIAN NIGHTS... LIKE ARA-  
BIAN DAYS... MORE OFTEN THAN  
NOT... ARE HOTTER THAN HOT...  
IN A LOT OF GOOD WAYS...



CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

BRAVO ! BRAVO,  
MY BOY ! THAT  
WAS A WONDERFUL  
RENDITION... YOU  
HAVE A BEAUTIFUL  
VOICE...







SWARIT CLEARED THE INITIAL ROUNDS.  
ON THE DAY OF THE QUARTER FINALS -

DAD, I'LL  
BE LATE FROM  
SCHOOL  
TOMORROW...  
UMM... MY... ERR...  
MY M-MATH  
TEACHER IS  
TAKING EXTRA  
CLASS!

WHAT A CONSCIENTIOUS  
TEACHER! NOT MANY  
STRIVE SO MUCH  
FOR STUDENTS  
THESE DAYS...

SORRY,  
DAD! I DON'T  
LIKE TELLING  
LIES... BUT  
THERE'S NO  
OTHER WAY...

WELL DONE, SWARIT!  
NEXT DESTINATION -  
THE SEMI-FINALS!!  
DAILY REHEARSALS  
FOR A FORTNIGHT...

YES!!

EACH DAY, SWARIT CAME UP WITH A NEW LIE -

...PARTY AT  
ROHIT'S...

...REFERENCE WORK  
IN THE LIBRARY,  
DAD!

...PROJECT  
DISCUSSION  
AT PRATIK'S  
PLACE...

...THERE  
WAS A LONG  
QUEUE AT THE  
PHOTOCOPY  
SHOP...

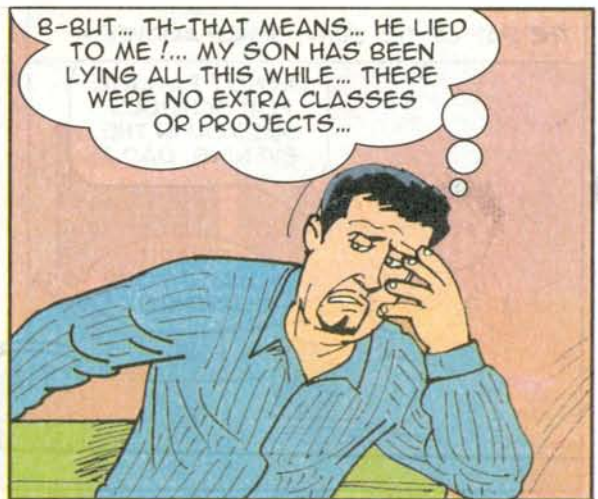
SWARIT HAS BEEN VERY QUIET  
FOR ALMOST A WEEK NOW...  
MAYBE THE EXTRA CLASSES  
AND PROJECTS ARE  
GETTING TO HIM...



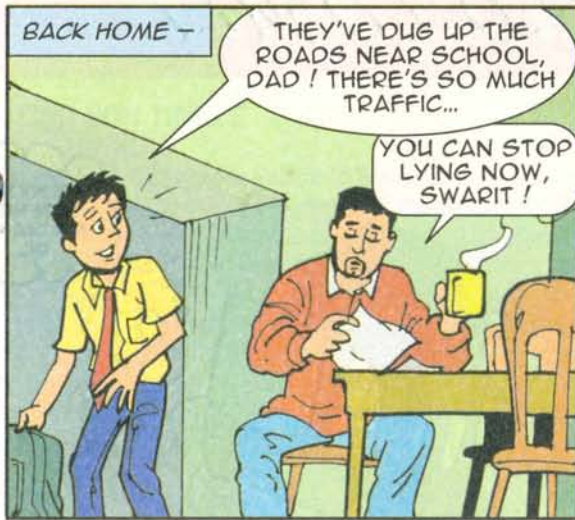
THE DAY OF THE SEMI-FINALS ARRIVED —













# ROPE TRICK

Based on a Folktale from Haryana

Script: Luis

Illustrator: Savio Mascarenhas

Colourist: Umesh Sarode

A JAT AND HIS FAMILY SET OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY TO THE CITY.







AS HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN WENT ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS TASKS, THE JAT SAT UNDER THE TREE AND BEGAN TO MAKE A ROPE...

...UNAWARE THAT HE WAS BEING CLOSELY WATCHED.



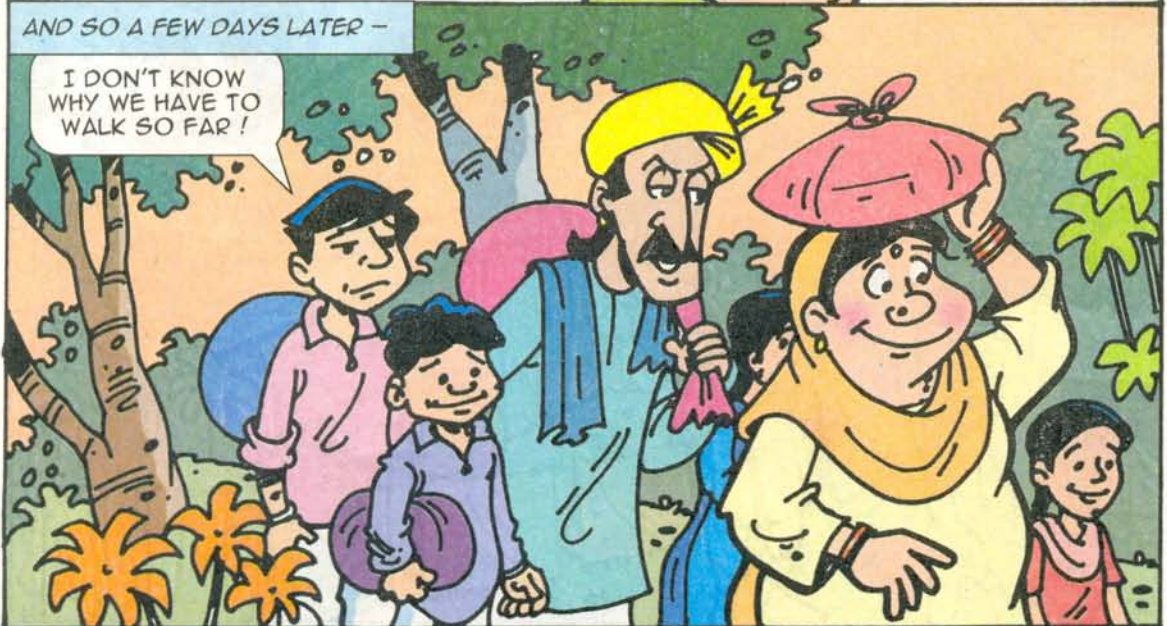








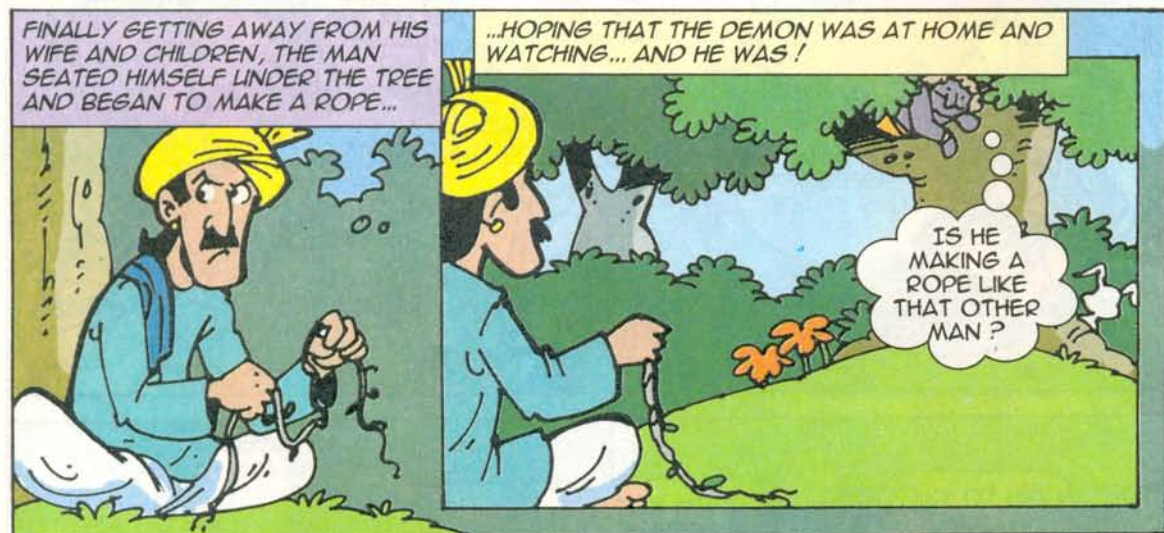
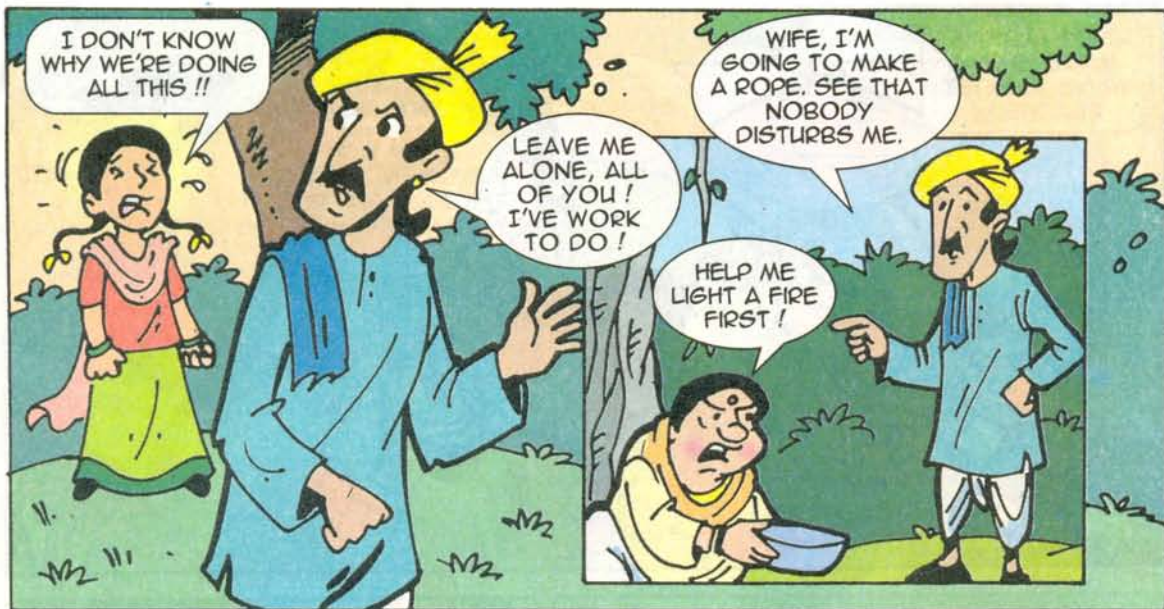
















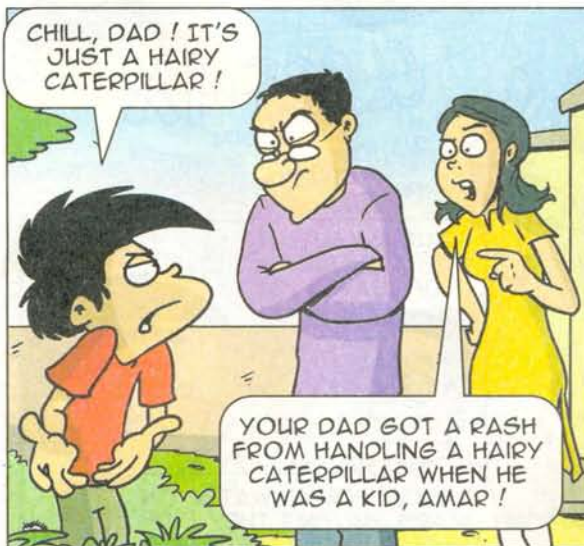


# Butterfingers and the Caterpillar

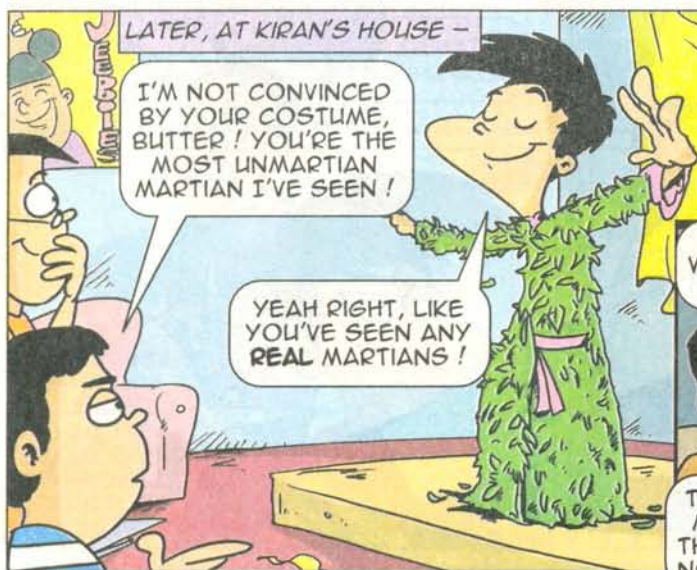
Story: Khyrunnisa A.  
Script: Rajani Thindiath  
Illustrator and Colourist: Abhijeet Kini













THE NEXT MORNING -

WHATEVER  
KIRAN MIGHT SAY  
I'M HAPPY WITH THE  
COSTUME AND I'M  
SURE THE AUDIENCE  
WILL LIKE IT  
TOO!

NOW, I'LL HAVE A  
QUICK BATH AND  
GET READY...

SOMETHING TELLS  
ME I'M GOING TO  
BE A HIT AS A  
MARTIAN!

OH, MY  
TOWEL!

HERE  
IT IS!

BUTTER HAS A  
QUICK BATH...



...AND WIPES HIMSELF, BUT AS HE'S WIPING HIS FACE -

SOMETHING'S GOT INTO MY EYE!



WHAT'S THIS!  
IT'S THE  
REMAINS OF A  
CATERPILLAR!

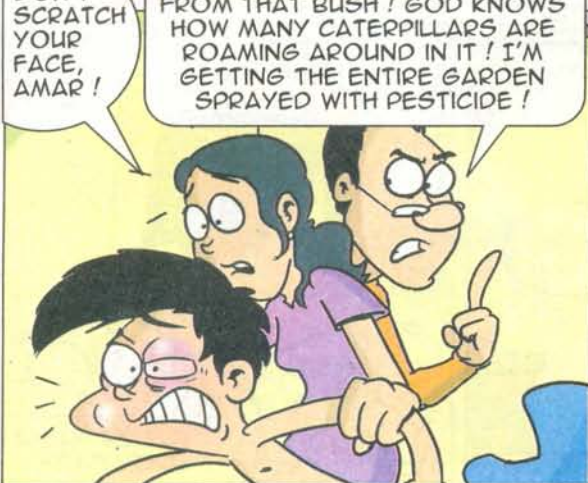


DON'T  
SCRATCH  
YOUR  
FACE,  
AMAR!

I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY  
FROM THAT BUSH! GOD KNOWS  
HOW MANY CATERPILLARS ARE  
ROAMING AROUND IN IT! I'M  
GETTING THE ENTIRE GARDEN  
SPRAYED WITH PESTICIDE!



MUM! DAD!  
I'VE RUBBED A  
CATERPILLAR  
INTO MY EYE!



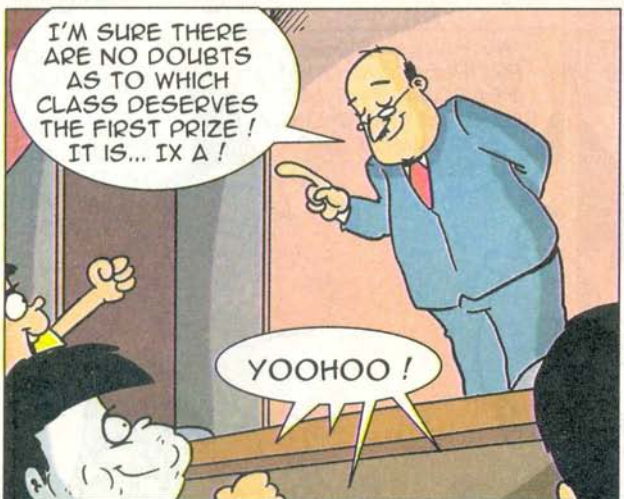
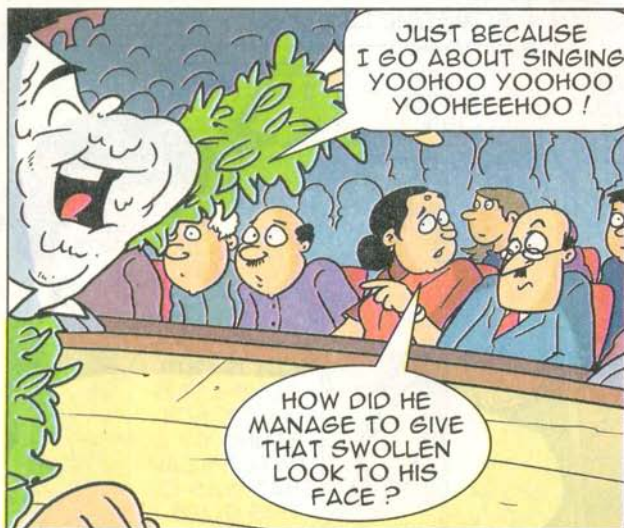
OOOH!  
AAAAH!

GET ME SOME CELLOPHANE  
TAPE. WE'LL USE IT TO  
STRIP OFF THE CATERPILLAR  
HAIR FROM HIS FACE!











# The Tea Party

Based on a story from **The Wouldbegoods** by  
**Edith Nesbit**  
 Script: Rajani Thindiath  
 Illustrator: Arijit Dutta Chowdhury  
 Colourist: Umesh Sarode

OSWALD, DORA, DICKY, ALICE, NOEL AND H.O. WERE GATHERED AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE WITH THEIR UNCLE -

